



VOL. III. No. 12.}

A Prize Story written expressly for the "Times."

THE STRAY WAIF.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

CHAPTER X.

"Bring me unto thy trial when you will. Died he not in his bed? Where should he die? Can I make men live whether they will or no?"

Shakespeare.

WITH dauntless vigilance, Mdlle. Leonore had broken down, and thrust aside, all obstacles, and now with a written order for admittance to the cell of the accused, signed by the County Magistrate, she stood, waiting for the jailer to select, from the ponderous bunch of keys at his belt, which one opened the door of De Lanie's prison.

Along the dismal passage to the iron-door, they went—the man stern in the familiarity which sad scenes give;—the woman pale and fearful, yet cast outwardly as the granite blocks about them. Slowly and gratingly the great door swung open—she went in, and it was closed and locked behind her. One hour's time was granted her to remain with the prisoner—at the end of that period, she must go forth again, and leave him to solitude!

Mdlle. Leonore stepped softly along the moist stone floor of the cell, and when her eyes had become accustomed to the darkness, she was enabled to perceive the form of the granite blocks about them. Slowly and gratingly the great door swung open—she went in, and it was closed and locked behind her. One hour's time was granted her to remain with the prisoner—at the end of that period, she must go forth again, and leave him to solitude!

The beautiful woman, looking so strangely out of place there in that dismal prison, stood noiselessly up to the bed, and looked almost reverently upon the face of the sleeper. Very pale and sad was that face, but there was no consciousness of guilt about the calm, firm lips, or upon the broad white expanse of the thoughtful brow. It was a face upon which suffering had ploughed many lines, but guilt had left never a footprint there!

He had evidently fallen asleep while reading, for his hand rested upon an open book, with the fingers indicating the last three verses of the 27th Psalm. The woman stooped over him, and read the words:

"Deliver me not unto the will of mine enemies, for false witnesses are risen up against me, and such as breathe out cruelty."

"I had fainted unless I had believed to see the goodness of the Lord in the land of the living."

"Wait on the Lord; be of good courage and he shall strengthen thee. Wait, I say, on the Lord."

The visitor laid down the book, and smoothed out the hard pillow upon which his head rested. The movement disturbed him; he turned upon his side and faintly murmured—"Edith went away—all are gone!"

She leaned over him, and a warm tear which would not be restrained, fell upon his brow. He started up, and before she could move from her position at his side, she saw her face.

"Great Heaven! Edith Tarleton! Am I dreaming?"

"It is no dream, Hamilton! In a moment he held her closely in his arms, his eyes looking down into hers, as if to read the very secrets of her soul."

"Edith! Edith! it is enough—I can die willingly, now that I have read truth in thy face! Night and day has my prayer been—Lord restore her to me before I die! Edith, I wanted to see you, once more, to tell you the innocence of my heart of this terrible crime! You believe me, Edith?"

"I believe you!"

"It is enough! And now let me rest—he laid his head wearily upon her shoulder—"I feel that I have a right to do thus, Edith! The heart that throbs beneath thy breast has never been given to another?"

She answered him slowly and solemnly, "Never! even in thought!"

"And now, Edith, tell me all! Why you left my love, and made me wretched? Keep nothing back! I have longed for this hour, through every dismal moment since that night of bereavement."

Sitting there in the prison gloom, she told him all that had transpired in her life since she had fled from Wellspring up to that very night. She told him of the cruel letter written by his father—of her struggle with love—of her final determination to make herself the sacrifice. Of her weary way to New York, where she arrived destitute of money, and knowing no one in the whole of that great city. Of the miserable pittance which she had obtained by needlework, of the insults she had received, of her singing to herself a plaintive dirge one morning, while sitting at her garret-window—the act of her life which had brought her both wealth and fame. Mons. St. Leger, the New Orleans opera manager, was passing by in the street at the time, her voice had attracted him, he had called upon her, heard her sing; and immediately made her an offer to accompany him to New Orleans. She accepted, and for more than a year she studied her art. Then, she made her *début* before the public, was successful; and had acquired a small fortune. She told all this to Hamilton very briefly,

GREENSBORO, N. C., FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, MARCH 20, 1858.

{WHOLE NO. 114.

with the murder of your brother Eugene De Lanie, on the 10th day of April last; what have you to say in answer to this charge?"

"Not guilty!" came from the lips of the accused, clear and firm, and the echo rang round the great room like the clang of a silver bell.

In a brief, pointed and eloquent manner the Judge charged the Jury, and the twelve men, upon whose decision rested the fate of a human being, retired for consultation. They were absent some fifteen or twenty minutes, and then they returned slowly and solemnly, and sat down silent in their places.

"Gentlemen of the Jury," said the Judge, "have you agreed upon a verdict?" The twelve men bowed silently.

"Who shall speak for you, gentlemen?" "Our Foreman shall speak for us!" The Foreman arose, and the Chief Justice put the question—

"Do you find the prisoner guilty or not guilty?"

"Guilty!"

Not a muscle of De Lanie's face moved not a nerve quivered, but firm and immovable as a pillar of granite he sat upon his chair. Throughout the reading of the terrible sentence of death by the hands of a public executioner, he maintained the same unbroken composure, and those who witnessed his trial called him hardened and stubborn.

Edith interrupted him—"But, Miss Stanford, how did she bear the stroke?"

"She was strangely affected, she wept but little, and exerted all her power to soothe my grief."

"And you cannot prove your innocence in any way? It must be made apparent! They cannot condemn you on vague proof? Oh, Hamilton, it must not, cannot be!"

"Hush, Edith! God will do what is best! I have thought so much upon the probable result of my trial, that I can speak calmly of the ignominious death which will be mine, should I be convicted of this terrible crime!" But oh! Edith, the love of life, and the fear of the world's obloquy rose up sometimes and almost smother me! Ab! the time is out—it is the jailer's turn to touch an innocent woman with hands accursed by a brother's blood!

"Then you will not save him?" She stood up before him, white as a marble statue.

"I would, but cannot!" he replied deeply moved by her wild distress.

"Cannot? oh, why? oh, sir; do not refuse me! My life shall be yours—will be your slave as long as I live, if you will but spare him?"

"The good of my country requires the life of Hamilton De Lanie, and I hold that country's welfare paramount to all other feelings, either public or private. I sorrow to say it, madam, but this man must die!"

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"The good of my country requires the life of Hamilton De Lanie, and I hold that country's welfare paramount to all other feelings, either public or private. I sorrow to say it, madam, but this man must die!"

"She flung herself at his feet, and in all her regal beauty, she implored the man of power to hear her. Her veil had fallen off, and her rich dark hair released from its fastenings, rolled down to her waist, a mass of burnished amber. A more touching picture than all that distressed goryness can hardly be conceived. Perhaps the Governor thought thus, for he offered her hand to raise her up, but she repulsed him—

"No; no; I will lie here until you will tell me!" As you hope for mercy from the great and terrible God of Heaven, show mercy to man! God who sees not as man sees, knows that he is innocent! How dare you take the blood of a fellow man upon your soul?"

"My child," said the Governor pityingly—"believing as I do in the culpability of this man, I should sin against my own conscience in granting him a pardon and in mistaking justice I wrong the innocent, I trust that my Father in Heaven will forgive me!" The oath of my office demands that I shall consult the good of my State, in preference to every other consideration, and though I may have feelings as acute as those of other people, I must suppress all impulse before the stern face of Justice!"

"Oh Heaven! will nothing melt you to mercy? What is all this? Suddenly she arose and stood up proudly before him—

"Sir, have you children?"

"Two, a son and daughter."

"If that cherished son should ever stand in the same awful situation as Hamilton De Lanie to-day occupies—would you then listen to the voice of Justice, instead of Love?"

The face of the stern old man grew pale, but he replied firmly—

"Were this man, my own son, I should still pray to God for strength to yield him willingly up to the requirements of the Law!"

At this moment, the door swung open, and a young girl came hastily into the room. She was a beautiful blonde, with deep blue eyes, and soft bright hair. Her first words showed that she had overheard a part, if not the whole, of the previous conversation.

"Father," she said, going up to the old man, and laying her arm about his neck, "Is this De Lanie's crime so very great that he merits no mercy?"

"It is the highest crime, my daughter, of which a man can be guilty!"

"He is not guilty! Tell you he is innocent of this thing as Heaven's own angels!" Edith held the girl firmly by the shoulders as she spoke, and her eyes seemed to burn with the conviction of her truth.

"It is useless, Agnes; he is guilty!"

"But he is young and impulsive, let that plead for him! He may not be all evil!"

"Evil? he is good and pure! his heart has never dreamed of evil! Oh, sir, once more I ask it—save him!"

"Madam, it is vain! Were all the powers of earth to rise up and plead for him, it would not move me one iota from my sense of right! Justice must take its course!"

"Oh, God!" burst from the lips of the wretched Edith; and more dead than alive, she staggered from the house.

TO BE CONTINUED.

One bank in Newburyport still continues good—it is a clam-bank.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.
The Maniac Mother.
Affectionately inscribed to Mrs. D. S. Richardson,
Wilson, N. C.

BY FLETA.

With her many treasured clustering round her
heartsick neck of snow,
And her cheek all dyed with crimson, like the
morning's richest glow.

Her orbs so softly shaded by tints of
blue,

Gleamed a shining light within them like the
sunset's golden hue,

The lovely maniac wildly raves and kneeling on
the ground,

Clasps out her bosom—that newly covered
and bound,

She smiles—soft soothes the baby, which in its
grave doth lie,

And smiles again, as low she sings her infant
lullaby.

Her pure white bairn, her large dark eyes, are
saddened o'er by grief,

Thank God! that in delusive dreams she finds
a sweet relief,

She starts—affectionately cries in thrilling

tears—screams wild,

As low she bends above that grave—"Oh,
God! restore my child."

A joyous strain is gushing from those lips of
ruby red,

That air is changed—and now she chants a re-
quiem for the dead,

Those glorious orbs are raised to heaven, she
breathes a fervent prayer

"Oh, Father, come to me!"

Bright angels are about her, to waft her spirit
home;

She quickly laid those pure white hands upon
her heaving breast,

Without a single struggle, found the maniac
mother's rest.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.
WIFIE FROM SYCAMORE DALE.

BY C. H. CRISWELL.

Intercepted Letter.

Listen, Edwin! I write you in the style of Ossian, for I have been in love. Deeply are thy wounds, oh, Cupid of the venomous shafts. Thou liest coverly in the darkly ringed eyes of the pensive Oreada. When she raises those orbs of beauty to my face I feel my darts entering my trembling heart.

Edwin, son of the worthy Deacon, I will tell thee all. The aged man, her father, took me to his country seat, I beheld her there in all her loveliness. I thought she smiled on me but oh! vain the flattering thought! The gallant Arthur fired her soul, he was her heart's adored.

Twas twilight's hour, I sat beside her, speaking low, for I was deep in love.

Her dark brown lover came into her presence. She started as her glance met his.

She trembled—the maid of the soft brown hair.

She trembled—and she left my side.

A pang of jealousy pierced my throbbing heart.

I started from my seat and went forth beneath the starlit sky. I gazed upon the pensive moon and murmured my love to the constant stars. The twilight breeze cooled my fevered cheek, but could not reach my burning heart. O, sweet maid of my love! thine eyes are bright as the gems that braid the wings of angels. Thy sweet voice falls upon my ear like the soft murmurings of the aeolian lyre. I adore thee! thou empress of my soul!

I wandered again to her presence. She sat beside the youth of the blue, melting me.

We inhale their fragrance, we admire their loveliness, the we know not to what

as they tell their beads in the accents of the organ.

mingling with the chant as it reverberates along the dim aisles and under the massive dome of St. Peter's Rome;—how the notes swell over the kneeling penitents as they tell their beads in the accents of the organ.

As they linger in memory and shall yet be

placed by and by, in a hall whose columns

are beams of morning light, whose pearls

are gold, whose doors are gold, where hairs

never turn silvery and hearts never grow old.

Most who have not heard can imagine

from the glowing descriptions of travellers

the lofty magnificent peal of the organ

along the dim aisles and under the massive

domes of Britain hurling defiance at Caesar's legions

and towering above the tide of battle.

Boadicea, the warrior-queen of the Iceni. Coming down to later times, the maid of Orleans would rivet our attention

—that wonderful peasant girl of Demene, who commanded armies, attacked fortresses, hurried back the tide of invasion, and perished at last, not fairly overcome, but

the victim of disgraceful treason.

Joan of Arc seems to have transmitted

her heroic spirit to many of her country

women. In the campaign of '98, the Samo

bo and Meuse, Dumourier had for his

said-de-camps two of the loveliest young

THE TIMES.

GREENSBOROUGH, N. C.

ADVERTISING.

One square (12 lines) first insertion \$1.00
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The Utah Expedition.

The following extract from a private letter of an officer in the Utah Army, dated the 30th of December, near Fort Bridger, is published in the New York Times.—It may be interesting as giving not only the movements of the army, but also by permitting us to peep into the camp and view the private life of a soldier of our country; one who fights for her honor and the maintenance of her laws:

"We have had a long and tedious march through sand, rivers, rain and dust, over almost boundless plains, hills and mountains, and are now passing a dreary, desolate and uncomfortable winter in the midst of the snow-clad Rocky Mountains.

The Mormons seem determined to resist us to the last, and commenced their treacherous and rebellious course in the early part of October. Before the commanding officer arrived, and when we did not think it possible that the Mormons could undertake overt acts of treason, they passed into the road in rear of all the approaching columns, and burned three contractor's trains, drawn by oxen and freighted with supplies for the army. They sent us a proclamation of martial law, and an order to leave the territory, or if we desired to remain on account of the lateness of the season, a permission to do so, provided we would put our arms in possession of one of their so-called generals. Of course no particular notice was taken of so absurd a proposition, and as all the troops at that time expected had joined us, we concluded that if they desired to fight, we were more than equal to any force they could send out to drive us from the country.

We were constantly annoyed by them in various ways, and not until their conduct became so unbearable did we attempt any decided measures. They drove off cattle within two miles of camp, captured straggling teamsters, wagon-masters and soldiers yet, having no instructions, the commanding officer (senior present at that time) would not permit us to pursue them or fire on them. At length, when these rascals were becoming too frequent, the earnest appeals of the young officers were received with an attentive ear, and we obtained the permission so long desired.—We fired upon them whenever we saw large parties, captured prisoners, letters and despatches of the most treasonable character, put the creatures in irons, and, as soon as the civil authorities came up, placed them in their hands. They are now being dictated for treason by the Grand Jury.

The commanding officer will remain here until Spring and then commence his onward march. He arrived on the 6th of November, too late for any active operations. A few days after his arrival a snow storm overtook us, six inches deep, and the thermometer fell to 16 degrees below zero. We crossed streams with the artillary carriages and wagons upon the ice.—I froze my feet, and many a poor soldier frost his hands, feet and ears. We are now 113 miles from the great Salt Lake City.

Old Brigham, in his impudent audience, occasionally sends papers into camp—He is indeed worth seeing. We have had English Admirals and French Admirals, but no Turkish Admirals. Mohammed Pacha the Bashaw of the Harem, is to be here this evening, says Madame Rumor, and this good old lady has lived here, so long, that she has fallen into the habit of occasionally telling the truth. Yes, Kansas is to be forgotten for awhile, and we are going to follow the usually established precedent and pay due homage to the Turkish Admiral. He has two companions, both Turks, one of whom speaks English. It is said that they are in the uniform of their Navy, but wear the turban, sit cross-legged, and smoke as usual, not to mention other little national characteristics. They are very handsome, says report, and have been in order to defend himself from the persistent and unprovoked attacks of Drs. Smith and Lee, and their friends, but for wives spiced in the Harem. Well, may we say with the Teuton, "vot a people rest you a count!" We question the propriety of paying more than a due respect to these representatives of a polygamy, hands, and will be published as early as March 15. It is to day in the printer's office, which we are about exterminating with Dr. Smith, and will shortly issue a complete history of his difficulties with Dr. Smith, President of Randolph Macon College, and Dr. Lee, editor of the Richmond Christian Advocate. He says that he has been forced to adopt this course in this choice style, and as a means of constituting the first. The person who has not read the latter of these works, is certainly not possessed of a very strong taste for literature; and I do not wish to run the hazard of being called a pedant by commanding these works to readers, because all readers who know anything of literature, have more or less acquaintance with either one or both of them already. I do not purpose to dwell upon these works—works which have been the favorites of the people for many generations—but simply to announce their publication in this choice style, and as a part of Messrs. DERRY & JACKSON's series of "British Classics." In England, the author's reward for producing such valuable works is, to be sure, not so great as that of Dr. Smith and Lee, but the public are more or less desirous of gaining information from their people relative to ship-building.

Yet there is the usual fuss to be made. Wyche's Correspondence with Dr. Lee, notwithstanding that they have several thousand dollars to defray their expenses—Proof of Mutated Testimony—New—That prince of human correspondence with Rev. J. E. Edwards, his son, and his wife—has taken them out of the pale of their church) to give the highest sanction to secret murder, adultery, and every immorality and crime which the Christian religion teaches the denizens of a civilized district to abhor. I am of opinion that the roaring flames of burning trains on Green River were the death-knell of their power.

If the community in the States do not share our sentiments in regard to their treasonable conduct, then I have misjudged the patriotism of our men and the virtuous indignation of our women. If they will be invited to all of the receptions, Dr. Smith—the "Christopher Duncan" of all the attendant circumstances when he reads them. You may conjecture the morality of such a community, where the leaders make use of such language in the presence of "ladies," in a church, and on Sunday. You may imagine what religion they profess, whose only aim seems to us "Gentiles" (meaning all outside of the pale of their church) to give the highest sanction to secret murder, adultery, and every immorality and crime which the Christian religion teaches the denizens of a civilized district to abhor. I am of opinion that the roaring flames of burning trains on Green River were the death-knell of their power.

If the community in the States do not share our sentiments in regard to their treasonable conduct, then I have misjudged the patriotism of our men and the virtuous indignation of our women.

When he visited this country, only to be Advocate and Dr. Smith's pamphlet, to laugh at and made fun of, when he received my pamphlet a patient hearing. He turned home. Several years since we also remember that only the other side has been admirably republished by Messrs. DERNY & JACKSON in their series of British Classics.

I have arrived at the last one of them Philip Dorner Stanhope, universally

beloved—most likely, quite unconsciously

and, in a vain attempt to assert his dignity, exhibited much rudeness and ill temper. Nevertheless, there are many who profess to admire his "spirit"—forgetting that it was not displayed until the coveted patronage was no longer necessary.—Mr. Hutton's Narrative.

This pamphlet will be larger than Dr.

Smith's and contain probably 176 pages.

It will have all the testimony necessary to

convict him of the whole argument.

Single copies will be sent to his son and to his friends.

Amongst all the volumes of published

correspondence that I have ever met with,

it is scarcely as extensive as that of Lord Byron's.

All those who have read her book,

will find the same pleasant style, though

coupled with the additional interest of

they can be conveniently forwarded in postage

coupons.

Single copies will be sent to my power to be presented.

As far as I am a fair hearing. I ap-

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WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

To my Sister.

BY MATTIE MELLONOTE.

Sweet sister, I'm thinking of thee!
This deep and twilight hour
I've twined the leaves of memory—
Till cent'ry on thy sweet name.
I call thine image from my heart—
And paint thee as some fair flow'r,
Those budding petals scarce apart,
Await the dawn of brighter hour.

The world has called thee beautiful;
And well it might, so fair a face,
Sel'mon glad'st a fond parent's heart
And know I well thy youth and grace,
But not of these, sweet sister mine,
Would I ask thy earnest thought
Not of thy beauty, though it bind—
Love, wit and wealth to thy side.

Tis of thy heart, that sacred soul
From whence all joys descend—
The purest way to trace a name—
The wise and good only know
Now, its hopes are young, fresh and free,
The world seems fair and gay to thee,
All things are beautiful!

But there is a time, when the world
Will seem not half so fair,
As when upon life's thy threshold
'Twas viewed without a care:
When sick and weary thy young heart
Will turn from the scenes around,
And tear its own close folds a part
Seeking there for purer joys.

'Tis well, in every lifetime
There is an hour like this,
'Tis well for human hearts to learn
The world gives not ev'ry bliss.
That in its own recesses deep
Is hidden half our joy,
And tho' the world may make us weep
It cannot all pleasure destroy.

JOY.

Haste thee, nymph, and bring with thee
rest and youthful joy,
Quoth the brook, and wanton wiles,
Nods, and bows, and coquettish smiles,
Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
And love live in dimple cheek;
Sport, that wrinkled care derides,
And Laughs holding both his sides.
Come, and trip it as you go
On the light fantastic toe,
And in the right hand lead with thee
The mountain nymph, sweet Liberty.—
Milton.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.
An Old Man's Lesson.

BY M. W. C.

When I was a very small boy, I was sent to school—my first school. I was, perhaps, five or six years old. At that school I became acquainted with another boy, about my own age. We soon became friends—our friendship ripened into sincere love and affection for each other, growing with our growth and strengthening with our strength, as was said of David and Jonathan. Nor did our friendship ever know any abatement. Years rolled away. We were delighted in each other's company, at all times, when an opportunity offered for us to enjoy it; but, it was our misfortune to meet with a sad reverse. When we were about twelve or thirteen years old, the father of my young friend sold off his estate in North Carolina, and removed to the far West. Our parting was painful in the extreme. I mourned for him as for the dead; and in my childish thoughts concluded I never again would have a "particular friend." But, the old hackneyed adage, "seldom seen is soon forgotten," proved true in this case. True, we did keep up a sort of correspondence, for a time, having learned to write a little; but that soon flagged, and I, in a short time, lost sight of the friend of my first school. Years seemed past in quick succession, and the name of Henry was almost forgotten. I sometimes heard of him,—that he was living, was married, &c., but that was all. But there is another period, which brings us together again under far different circumstances. Painful as the recital may be, I will try to come to it at once.

In the year 18—, when traveling in the State of Georgia, I stopped for the night at a small village, and was there informed that I was only sixteen miles from the house of my friend Henry. No sooner than I had received the information than a resolution was formed and planned, to pay him a visit. All things prepared, early the next morning I was winding my way from house to house, enquiring the road to that of my friend's.

Those only who are familiar with flights of fancy, wild romance, or unbridled imagination, have any idea of the tremendous workings of my mind on that day, confident of seeing him, and of seeing him that very day, brought feelings to my heart that I can never describe. I drew his youthful appearance full before me, heard and recognized his pleasant voice, felt the grasp of his kind hand, and in my imagination, received a cordial welcome—stood, self-complacent, waiting to be introduced to his amiable family: (I had been previously informed of his marriage to a lady of high respectability,) and then to partake of the hospitalities of my old school-mate. In short, thought of every thing that would help to fill my cup of bliss, which was so soon to be dashed to the ground—but, let me not anticipate.

I am now in the neighborhood, enquiring the road, for the last time before I aim to reach the point of destination. I am informed that I must pass a certain crossroads, where a "dogberry" is kept. "Perchance you will see Henry there," was the concluding part of the information received. This, under other circumstances, might have proved a "damer," but at that time I took but little notice of it.

At passing the cross-roads, aforsaid, sure enough, Henry was there. On being informed that a stranger was making enquiry for him, he walked up to me and gruffly demanded my name. This was the first sight that I had of him, and such sight! At first, I could not recognize the least semblance of my former friend. He was drunk; and I will attempt no further description of this our first interview.

At my request, he conducted me to his father's house, and then hurried himself away. I was still in the dark as to his real condition—hoping the "spree" of the previous day, was rather accidental and

not habitual, and most gladly would have spread a veil over it.

The next day, at my request, the old gentleman and I walked to the house of his son Henry. All then was fully explained—all was easily understood. Henry had become a bloated, driving drunkard! His father was in easy circumstances, and when his son married, he gave him a good plantation and funds to cultivate it; his wife's estate was also considerable. He had prospered for a time but the demon alcohol, had thrown him off his pathway, and blasted all his once fair prospects for happiness. Ruined, beggar, besotted, he is now staying (not living) on a corner of his old father's plantation, an outcast from society.

The following part of my story is respectfully presented to our fair sisterhood.

Matrons and Misses, at that house (I will not say house, shanty, wigwam) was his wife, with nine children, surrounded by all the horrors of poverty. The building I suppose, was 12 by 14 feet—and I venture to say, ladies, you would not have given fifty cents for every article of household furniture within its walls. Do not think that I am exaggerating—solid poverty, want and biting hunger. I have no doubt, reign there. The wife the lady, for such no doubt she had once claimed to be, has the appearance of once being handsome, and is quite agreeable in conversation. Brought up by wealthy parents, she was liberally educated, and received a handsome patrimony, at the time of her marriage—all of which, we may reasonably suppose, now contributed to give a keener sense of the height from which she has fallen. And what can a mother's or sister's sympathies and tears do for her now?

I was deeply affected with what I saw and learned of the deplorable condition which my friend had brought himself into and from all that I could gather, I am of the opinion that his downfall may, to a considerable extent, be attributed to neglected education. I understand that he made no farther advancement in learning after leaving N. C., and which I knew to be quite limited. He was thus doubtless cast upon the world without an education that would enable him to fill that position in society, and the relative duties in life, which his wealth and standing appeared to entitle him to. My youthful friends, take warning what has been done once, may be done again. The above story was not written for amusement, and is no fiction, but as true in all its bearings.

Educated Women.

There is no sight so truly pitiful as that afforded by a rising family of children under the guardianship of an ignorant mother. I would be understood in the use of the term *ignorant*, as wishing to convey the picture of a mother whose maidens were devoted to the acquirement of fashionable accomplishments, to the exclusion of solid mental culture and acquirements. The woman who reigns the queen of the ball-room is very seldom found capable of being the governess of her own children; and the time spent at *sor'ee* and *rout* will be bitterly regretted when age brings experience and consequent remorse for the evil she has inflicted, and her incapacity to discharge properly the interesting and important duties of her station, when it was her natural duty to be at once an instructor and example. The maiden, who casts aside her book for the *entertainment*, will never win the love and esteem of a sensible man; and should she select a partner for life among her partners in the dance, she will find, that her choice has been as unfortunate as the place where she first attracted his notice was injurious. I never wish upon that young wife who enters upon her second era with fashionable ideas of society. Her first era has been devoted to the attainment of certain rules and systems which are scarcely pardonable in the girl, certainly censurable in the wife, and criminal in the mother.

The following remarks by Hannah Moore so forcibly express my views on the subject, that I give them in lieu of any thing further from myself:—

"When a man of sense comes to marry, it is a companion whom he wants, not an artist. It is not merely a creature who can paint and play, sing and dance—it is a being who can comfort and console one who can reason and reflect, and feel and judge, and discourse and discriminate—one who can assist him in his affairs, lighten his sorrows, purify his joys, strengthen his principles, and educate his children."

Such is the woman who is fit for a mother, and the mistress of a family. A woman of the former description may occasionally figure in a drawing-room, and attract the admiration of the company, but she is entirely unfit for a helpmate to a man, and to train up a child in the way it should go."

LITTLE AT FIRST.—MIGHTY AT LAST.

BY CHARLES MACKAY, L. L. D.

A traveller through a dusty road
Strewed stones on the lea,
And one took root, and sprouted up,
And grew into a tree;

Love sought its shade at evening time,
To breathe its early woe,
And Age was pleased, in heats of noon,
To bask beneath its boughs;

The sun, however, in its glowing twigs,
The birds sweet music bore,
It staled a glory in its place,
It stood a lily beside!

A little spring had lost its way
Among the grass and fern;
A passing stranger scooped a well,
Where weary men might turn.

He watered it, and hung with care
The leafy boughs above;

He thought not of the dead he did,
But judged that toll might drink.

He passed again—and lo! to the well,
Summer's never dried;

Had cooled ten thousand parching tongues,
And saved a life beside!

A dreamer dropped a random thought;
"Twas cold, and yet 'twas new—
A simple fancy of the brain,
So strong in being true;

It shone in mortal mind,
And lo! it light became

A lamp of life, a bonfire ray,

A mortuary flame.

The thought was small—its issue great;

A watch-fire on the hill;

It sheds its radiance far down;

And cheers the valley still!

A namesman amid a crowd,
Then thronged the daily mart,

Let fall the load of hope and love,

Unstricken from the heart—

A transitory breath—

It raised a brother from the dust,

It saved a soul from death.

O germ! O fount! O word of Love!

Ye were but little at the first,

But mighty at the last!

The fellow who was treated with con-

tempt, says it isn't half so good as oysters

Salad for the Solitary.

With brush-wood, Judgment timber; the one gives the greatest flavor, the other yields the darkest flavor, and both meeting makes the best flavor.

ARITHMETICAL QUESTION. A certain sum of money was to be divided among four men, A, B, C, and D, so that A and B should get twice as much as C and D; and A and C 1/4 times as much as B and D, and A and D 1/7 more than B and C. But before the money was divided C died, leaving his share to be divided among the other three, by which circumstance A received \$150 more than he would have done if C had not died. What was the whole amount and what each of the survivors share? Answer next week.

Answer to question of last week 73 56

WHAT I HAVE NOTICED.—I have noticed that all men speak well of a man's virtues when he is dead, and that the tombstones are marked with epitaphs of "good and virtuous." Is there any particular cemetery where the bad are buried?

I have noticed that the prayer of every selfish man is "forgive us our debts, but he makes everybody who owes him pay to the utmost farthing."

I have noticed that death is a merciless judge, though not impartial. Every man owes a debt. Death summons the debtor down to the dust in the currency of mortality.

CURE FOR THE BITE OF A MAD DOG.—A writer in the *National Intelligencer* says that spirits of hartshorn is a certain remedy for the bite of a mad dog. The wound, he adds, should be constantly bathed with it and three or four doses diluted, taken inwardly during the day.

The hartshorn decomposes, chemically,

the virus insinuated into the wound, and immediately alters and destroys its deleteriousness.

The writer, who resided in Brazil for some time, first tried it for the bite of a scorpion, and found that it removed pain and inflammation almost instantaneously. Subsequently, he tried it for the bite of the rattlesnake, with similar success.

At the suggestion of the writer, an old friend and physician tried it in cases of hydrophobia, and always with success.

I have noticed that purses will hold pennies as well as pounds.

I have noticed that tombstones say "Here he lies," which no doubt is often true; and if men could see the epitaphs their friends sometimes write, they would believe they had got into the wrong grave.

A SENSIBLE JEST.—A jester, in the court of Francis I, complained that a great lord threatened to murder him. "If he does so," said the king, "I will hang him in five minutes after." "I wish your Majesty would hang him five minutes before," said the jester.

PICKLING SWEET APPLES.—Here is something we know to be good:—To one half sweet apples make a syrup of two pounds sugar and one pint of vinegar. Boil the apples in this syrup until tender; then remove them and make a new syrup of two and a half pounds of sugar and one pint of vinegar. Add one teaspoonful of cloves and one of cinnamon tied in a bag. Let the syrup boil fifteen or twenty minutes; then pour it, hot over the fruit. The first syrup is good for other sauce.

To MAKE WASHING EASY.—Take one half pound of hard soap, cut fine and dissolved; one half pound of soda; dissolve each by itself, and when so done put them together, and boil, adding one teaspoonful of strained lime water. Put this in to boil the clothes. Boil them 20 minutes. This will serve several boilers full. The clothes must be previously soaked, and the soap rubbed on the stained spots. You can wash the finest material with this, and colored clothes boiled in this will not fade.

DR. B. L. COLE.—HAVING TAKEN AN OFFICE

on West Market St., Greensboro, N. C., next door to Cole & Amis' Store, offers his services to the Citizens of said place and surrounding country.

From his experience in the treatment of disease, he flatters himself that he can meet and conquer the various forms of disease, though insidious in its attack, by the science of Homeopathy.

He will particularly call the attention of those suffering from scrofula, cancer, and all other Surgical diseases, Diseases and Maternal affections of the eye and ear. Those having eyesight impaired by age, will be assisted in regaining their sight and natural appearance can have it done by applying to him.

Ladies suffering from long standing chronic disease which has baffled the skill of others, might be benefited by giving him a trial, as his experience has been extensive in the treatment of diseases peculiar to Females, all events no charge will be made for advice when his skill cannot cure or greatly mitigate the sufferings of his patients. Persons living at a distance will be assisted by his skill in procuring him to come to them.

He applies to him to be assisted in procuring him to come to them.

He has had an extensive practice in the treatment of diseases of all kinds and professional confidence never violated.

Feb. 1, 1858.

108-1.

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FALL DISTRIBUTION—COMMON SCHOOLS.—1857.

No. 1 \$67.76 No. 27 \$69.52 No. 53 \$88.00
2 \$63.36 28 104.72 54 83.00
3 \$69.52 29 65.12 55 97.68
4 66.88 30 106.48 56 79.20
5 115.28 31 76.56 57 102.08
6 83.60 32 81.84 58 54.56
7 71.28 33 134.64 59 92.40
8 73.92 34 124.96 60 62.48
9 73.92 35 51.04 61 60.72
10 68.64 36 125.84 62 55.44
11 61.60 37 95.04 63 62.48
12 61.60 38 151.36 64 62.80
13 61.60 39 55.84 65 55.84
14 53.68 40 50.84 66 48.40
15 60.72 41 73.04 67 59.84
16 89.76 42 102.96 68 62.48
17 64.24 43 70.49 69 24.64
18 66.00 44 45.76 70 25.20
19 79.20 45 63.36 71 100.32
20 19.36 46 75.68 72 46.64
21 66.00 47 59.84 73 45.76
22 82.72 48 71.28 74 69.52
23 119.68 49 42.24 75 65.12
24 95.04 50 115.28 76 40.48
25 68.08 51 37.84
26 71.28 52 73.92

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